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One
Gerric
Christmas



PS 2964
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W.M.V., Mar., 17, 1938



Merry
Christmas
to you.





Dedicated to
Some one
who knows all about
The Merry Christmas Time.



Resting cold
February 1901

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g



The time draws near
the birth of Christ
The moon is hid, the
night is still,
The Christmas bells
from hill to hill,
Answer each other in the mist.
Tennyson



"Over the hills of Palestine,
The silver stars began to shine,
Night drew her shadows—
Softly round,
The slumbering earth, without a sound."

• • •
Prescott-



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"Where the tangled barberry bushes—

 "hang their tufts of crimson berries"

"Where the long low line of hills—

 "sets the shining of the sky:





There a messenger from heaven sings
Joyfully the frosty air rings—
Peace on earth, good-will to men.
For Christ is born in Bethlehem.



I wonder if Sanito will
pass this way
When he comes to our house to day





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